

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## JOSEPH PAXTON'S BIG GLASS HOUSES

### SHEPHERD'S LEAP TO FAME

#### ARTIST FROM THE FIELDS

French Government Crowns  
Him With Honour

#### RISE OF POOR BOYS IN ART

A new sculptor has come to Paris and has conquered at a bound. He has come from a mountain sheepfold to find his work crowned with honour. From minding sheep on the Cevennes mountains he has carried marble and chisel to the capital of his native land, and of two wonderful works from his hand the French Government has bought one, a woman's head, while the other, a faun, is attracting admiration far and near.

Such is history's way. She is repeating in the case of this French shepherd, Paul Darda, a story that occurs from time to time through all the long romantic annals of art. From the sheepfold, from the peasant cottage, from the little country mill, from the squalid shop, genius flashes out as unaccountably as a crystal spring in a barren land.

#### Boy Who Brought Art to Life

We forget the conquerors and merchant princes of Florence, but we remember with love and admiration that shepherd boy who gave us not only gorgeous paintings but the lovely campanile of the exquisite cathedral. The designer of that crowning glory of Italian Gothic art was the shepherd boy Giotto, who guarded his father's sheep on the hillside 650 years ago.

Barbaric invasions had overthrown Rome, laid Italy prostrate, destroyed most of her noblest buildings, and exterminated her families of artists.

Then arose Giovanni Cimabue of Florence, to paint Nature again more as she is, and Cimabue found ten-year-old Giotto minding his father's sheep, scratching a portrait of his pet lamb with a sharp stone on a rock.

He took Giotto to Florence and trained him, and the immortal shepherd brought art to life, and left in Florence monuments which all the world goes to see.

#### Art Triumphs in Garret and Hut

Our Francis Chantrey was so poor that he worked in a garret with a farthing candle stuck in his cap to light his first piece of sculpture. Inigo Jones began at the carpenter's bench; Grinling Gibbons starved in a hut on a marsh over his first masterpiece. Rembrandt and Constable set out as little country millers; Millet, famous for his "Angelus," was a poor peasant lad; Romney came from a carpenter's shop, and our matchless colourist, Turner, was a miserable barber's boy.

Such is a passage from the enthralling narrative that history tells us of art, the aristocracy of callings, and we wonder if the new artist from the Cevennes sheepfold is to have a future as resplendent as these wonder-men who came before him in the roll of fame.

### The Happy Days Are Coming Back



A little mermaid in the sea



A little man in the Serpentine

### A MILK-BILL YOU CAN PAY Tragic Appeal for London Hospital

One of the saddest results of the war has been the way in which the charities have suffered. The hospitals are in terrible straits for lack of funds.

From that fine East End institution, the London Hospital, which has done noble work for 180 years, comes an appeal by its chairman, Lord Knutsford, that might well melt a heart of stone.

All the invested funds of the hospital are pledged for current expenses, and the hospital has *no money left*.

When he wrote it could not pay its last month's milk bill, which amounted to £1252, and was keeping it back; while the bills for the next week's provisions could not be met. Here is a great and honoured institution for the relief of human suffering *broken* by the war. "We are beaten," wrote Lord Knutsford,

"beaten by the increased cost of everything—salaries, wages, food, drugs, and all that is necessary to run a great hospital."

It has been the friend of all the poor in London, open to all who would. Will you pay it back in this sad hour of its misfortune?

Will you, the happy readers of the C.N., pay this month's milk bill, which Lord Knutsford is keeping back? If only one reader in 200 would send half-a-crown to Lord Knutsford this milk bill would be paid off. Please send it to the *London Hospital, London, E.*

It was the C.N. that found Leslie's mother when the London Hospital could not; a great thing it would be if we could pay this bill, and serve once more this institution that has served us all.

### HERO OF THE CLOUDS Flying Man Dies to Save a Village

#### THRILLING STORY OF A "LITTLE WAR"

The papers refer to the fighting on the North-West Frontier of India as one of our "little wars." Little it may be as regards the number of troops engaged, but great and terrible in its effect, and great in the heroism it calls forth. What, for example, could be more stirring than the story that has now reached home of the death of Flight Officer Courtenay-Dunn?

During the advance of the Derajat column to Karriguran, the Force Commander ordered that the villages of the Shakai Wazirs should be bombed to disperse any forces they had ready to help the Mahsuds, our enemies.

#### Greater Love Hath No Man

Flight Officer Courtenay-Dunn was sent on such a raid, taking with him Sergeant Palmer as observer. On their way to Shakai the radiator of the engine began to leak, and they turned to come back, but soon it was evident that they would have to risk a landing in rough country.

The danger of such a landing was increased a hundredfold by the cargo of bombs they were carrying, and the observer asked if he should let them go. The flight officer replied, "No, don't pull them off; they will only kill some of these people, and they are not hostile. I can put her down quickly all right."

So the plane landed with its dangerous cargo on a river bed covered with large pebbles smoothed by the water. The landing was a clever one, and all seemed well until, while taxi-ing to a standstill, a rock caught one of the bombs and exploded it. Both pilot and observer were blown some twenty yards, the pilot being covered with burning petrol. Both fainted, but they recovered in a moment or so, and began to put out the flames.

#### Kindly Tribesmen

But the exertion was too much for them, and both fell unconscious again, and so were found by the Mahsuds. The tribesmen treated them well, and applied their own rude remedies to the officer's terrible burns. Intelligence officers heard of the incident and promptly arranged for the prisoners' return, and so the flight officer was carried on a native bedstead over the thirteen miles to Jandola Hospital.

Arrived there the wounded man recovered consciousness; but he was too badly burned to recover, and in a few hours he died—a life given in order that a few villagers unknown to him might go unharmed. *Portrait on page 12*

#### Darkness is Cheaper Than Light

Nottingham, which has earned the reputation of being a well-lighted city, has just decided to abolish street lighting for the next three months in order to save twopence in the pound on the rates



## JOSEPH PAXTON'S GLASSHOUSE

BLOWN TO BITS IN A MOMENT

One of the Surprising Little Effects of the Great War

### TROUBLES OF THE RICH

Some of the richest people in the world are having to change their lives because of the taxation following the war. They feel they must "cut their coats according to the cloth" available.

Among the foremost of the British nobility stand the Dukes of Devonshire, respected for their birth, public services, and well-used wealth. But they find that changing times are bringing a throng of difficulties around them, and the present Duke is facing the new conditions with energy and good sense.

He finds that the country is taking the cream off his wealth in taxation, on the ground that all who can pay must. But he cannot pay and also keep up the great country houses and estates left him by his ancestors; and so he is reducing his expenses, getting rid of what is costly yet of insufficient use. He is selling his house in London, and reducing the staffs of his country palaces.

### Mansion Millions Have Loved

Devonshire House is being sold as a site for a cinema and other amusements, and the great conservatory at Chatsworth House, the beautifully-placed palace of the Peak, has been blown up to escape the cost of maintenance.

Who can blame the Duke? He, and the Dukes before him, have been very kind. They have kept up a lovely estate at great expense, and freely allowed everyone to see its beauties. They have never been mean or exclusive.

It is a pity if Chatsworth must cease to be the Chatsworth millions have admired, for it is one of the most English things in England. And it is a pity that Joseph Paxton's conservatory should perish, though a larger and improved copy of it still stands as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. [See page six.]

### Builder Copies a Water Lily

The conservatory, it is true, was but a big house of iron and glass, built on lines suggested to Paxton by the growth of a huge water lily; but it preserved the fine story of its designer.

When he was 25 years old, Joseph Paxton, a young Bedfordshire man, was working as an under-gardener for 18 shillings a week at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick. There the Duke of Devonshire surprised him one day by offering him the head-gardener's position at Chatsworth.

The beauty of Chatsworth outside the house is largely due to the taste of Joseph Paxton. He laid it out, arranged its water system, and built the great conservatory now shattered by explosives into a million bits. It had 40,000 panes of glass. It was 277 feet long, 123 feet wide, and 67 feet high. It had six miles of waterpipes, and the cost of heating it before the war was £1500 a year.

### Palace Ends in a Crash

In spite of the high value of material, the high cost of labour made it too costly to take the house to pieces, and it was decided to blow it all to smithereens with 150 pounds of explosives. The noise was heard seven miles away, and in a twinkling this great place was just a ruined mass.

Paxton also built the Great Exhibition building of 1851, in Hyde Park, since moved to Sydenham, and called the Crystal Palace. He was knighted as Sir Joseph, and elected to Parliament, but he ever remained the same kindly countryman who went down to Chatsworth as head gardener, and married the housekeeper's pretty niece.

Strange, is it not, that the war for democracy has shattered Joseph Paxton's great glasshouse? Photograph on page 12

## SNAKE STORIES FROM FIELD & THEATRE

The Fatal Adder of the British Isles

### TALE FROM A LONELY FARM

Three thrilling snake stories have just come into the papers.

One is of a little boy of two years old who ran into his home in Pembrokeshire with an adder round his neck. The father removed it with great difficulty, but the child had been bitten, and died.

The second story comes from Innsbruck, where a Hungarian girl was crushed to death by an enormous python while performing in a theatre. As the girl shrieked for help, the audience greeted her cries with great applause, believing them to be part of the show.

The third story is told by a correspondent of the Daily Mail, who has just received it from Australia.

On a lonely Queensland farm, while both the father and the mother were away, two little girls were playing, when a big brown snake slid out of a wood-pile and struck at a kitten in the arms of the elder child.

### How Kitty Was Saved

The child seized its neck and called to her smaller sister to hand her a spade which was lying near. The snake twined itself round her body, but, maintaining her grip on its throat, she hacked it in half with the spade.

When the father returned he was greeted by two excited little girls with a thrilling story to tell, rounded off with the triumphant declaration, "And he didn't get my kitty, after all!"

It is not often that the adder, or viper, kills anyone. Now and again a child dies from a bite, and even adults have been known to die after an attack, but probably in most cases the person was not in very good health at the time.

### Only British Poisonous Snake

Seeing, however, that an adder's bite is dangerous, it is important that we should all know how to recognise the creature, for it is quite common. We should also be able to distinguish it from the harmless grass-snake. No reader of the C.N. should be among those foolish people who, directly they see anything wriggly, take a stick or a spade and kill it, regardless of whether it is a grass-snake, a slow-worm, or an adder.

The adder is rarely more than two feet long, and is easily recognised by the dark zig-zag line which runs down the back. There are also dark markings on the head, including one which resembles an inverted V. The adder is usually seen in dry spots, where it suns itself among the half-withered vegetation. Two which were recently found in different parts of London may have escaped from captivity.

The grass-snake is larger, being often three feet long, and is usually found in moist places, such as grassy spots near water. It enjoys a bath, and lies coiled up in the stream with only its head showing.

### Grass-Snake as a Pet

The harmless blind-worm, or slow-worm, is not a snake at all; nor is it blind, slow, or a worm. It is really a lizard which has lost its legs. It is about a foot long with a shiny skin, and has no markings of any kind.

Grass-snakes can be easily tamed, and make excellent pets. The schoolboy son of the writer kept a grass-snake for a long time, and gave it the nickname of James. All the family came to love it, and it was fond of them. It used to stay in its master's inside pocket for a whole afternoon while he sat in the garden reading. Now and again it would poke out its head to see what was going on, but a word or a touch from its master would send it back.

These harmless grass-snakes hiss very fiercely, alarming the ignorant, but they can do no harm, and once they know a friend there is no trouble.

Remember, however, that the snake with a dark zig-zag line down the back is the poisonous adder, and may kill you.

## GENERAL DIES FOR HIS MEN

### STIRRING SCENES IN THE SAHARA DESERT

#### Pathetic Last Order of a Brave Man

### "KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE"

For weeks the French General Laperrière, of the Air Service, was lost in the Sahara Desert, over which he was flying with a pilot and a mechanic.

Then came the news that the general had been killed when the machine crashed in a remote part of the vast desert, but that the pilot and mechanic had been found at the point of starvation.

Now the pilot, Sergeant Bernard, though still in great danger from his privations, is well enough to tell what happened, and his story will shed a lustre on the name of General Laperrière that will never fade.

The general was not killed, but he chose to die to save his men's lives, if that were possible. Knowing that they were far from human aid, and their only plan was to remain by the broken machine, which had little food and water, he discussed the position with his men.

### Unconquerable Hero

Rescuers, he pointed out, could not come under three weeks or a month. The food and water would not hold out for three men, but there might be sufficient for two. Then he continued:

"I am older than you, and I am your commander. I expect to be obeyed. I shall not take a share in the rations. You must keep up your strength and courage, boys."

And in this heroic determination the general remained firm, though his men begged him to take his share. Neither hunger nor thirst could conquer his resolution, and he weakened till he died.

Five days after his death the pilot and mechanic were rescued, on the very point of death, for they had been lying fifty hours without food or water, in the shade of an unbroken wing of the aeroplane. It is a story that does honour to France and to a great-hearted French gentleman.

## DOCTOR'S ADVENTURE

### A Hero in a Benzol Tank

#### MAN DROWNING IN GAS

It is always a pleasure to pass round the names of brave, unselfish men. Dr. Armstrong and Arthur Waterman, of Kingston-on-Thames, are two of them.

While Francis Walker, of Putney, was cleaning out a benzol tank, the fumes overcame him and he fell helpless. Then Arthur Waterman rushed to his assistance, and tried to carry him up a ladder at the side of the tank, but was overcome and fell unconscious. He was dragged out by a hook at the end of a rope.

Walker still lay at the bottom of the tank, and Dr. Armstrong, braving its dangers, descended into it with a wet towel tied round his mouth, and tied a rope round the unconscious man's legs. In this way he was hauled up into the fresh air, but it was too late. The fumes had done their deadly work.

The praise given by the jury to the brave rescuers will be re-echoed by all who hear the story.

### SO PERISHES THE DREAM OF THE WAR LORD

A French correspondent who has lately been to Heligoland, the island fortress which guarded the sea approach to Germany, reports that it is now only a few square yards of sand-flat, a field or two of grass, and a waste of shattered concrete forts, strewn with the remnants of great guns that have been blown up.

What a desolate monument of the failure of the German war spirit!

So perishes the dream of the War Lord, the dream of Heligoland as the fortress of a Prussian island empire controlling Europe.

## AMRITSAR

### A GENERAL'S TERRIBLE MISTAKE

Deplorable Chapter in the British Government of India  
379 UNARMED PEOPLE SHOT

By Our Political Correspondent

For every white man in the British Empire there are six men who are not white, and who have not reached the stage in civilisation at which they can, for the good of themselves and the world, govern themselves. On that point every civilised nation is in agreement.

Also, probably, the thoughtful men of all nations will agree that the British government of its dependencies and protectorates—where men who are not white live—has been, on the whole, considerate and just, and for the general good of mankind.

It is of great importance that Great Britain should retain this confidence, won by wisdom and kindness, not less than by firmness; but a terrible blow was struck at that confidence when the news went round the world that at Amritsar, in the Punjab, 379 unarmed men of India had been killed, and three times as many wounded, by native troops acting under the orders of a British general.

### Britain's True Mind

All the circumstances under which this dreadful slaughter of a crowd occurred have now been considered by a mixed Commission of white and non-white investigators, and their report has been commented on by the Government of India, and by the British Government at home, so that the facts are made clear, and the true mind of the British authorities is expressed.

The result may be summed up by saying that what General Dyer did, when he ordered this massacre of unarmed people to be carried out, has been condemned alike by the Inquiry Commission, the Government of India, the Government of Great Britain, and by British public opinion. The general has been "retired" from the Army.

All feel that, though the general was placed in a most difficult position, surrounded by disorder, riots, danger to all white people in India, and a close approach to open rebellion, he made a grave mistake by acting with undue severity and taking life recklessly.

### Lesson for the Future

What he did was contrary to British traditions, and it has cast a slur on the British methods of government of which the whole Empire has before been proud. The thought of cruelty done in our country's name is hateful.

What has been done cannot be undone; but we can show to all the world that the hasty act of a general, whose judgment failed him at a critical moment, is not supported by the British spirit, as it is felt either by our Government or our people.

This is shown clearly by the Commission's Report, the Government's comments, the views of the Press, and the opinions of the public.

What happened was one man's error, and an Empire suffers in consequence.

We are sorry, very sorry. Such mistakes are less likely to happen in the future; but the warning has been dearly bought by India, and by Great Britain too.

### IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

Six Beauvais tapestry covers . . .	£3360
A drawing by Fred Walker . . .	£1995
A water-colour by Turner . . .	£1207
Admiral Beatty's sea chart . . .	£168
A religious book of 1596 . . .	£140



## STORMS BURST OVER ENGLAND SMALL RIVER BECOMES A GREAT FLOOD

Remarkable Disaster in a  
Lincolnshire Town

### EXTRAORDINARY SCENES

The British Islands are singularly free from those violent outbursts of nature that visit other lands and do such damage in town and country.

Earthquakes and tornadoes are practically unknown, but occasionally a thunderstorm or cloudburst proves very destructive, and of late there has been a succession of severe storms which have done much damage.

The most serious visitation was in Lincolnshire, where, as the result of a cloudburst, the quiet town of Louth was flooded, hundreds of people being rendered homeless, and many drowned.

### Washed Away on a Pillar Box

The small river Lud runs through the town, and during a thunderstorm one afternoon, without the slightest warning, the sluggish stream became a raging torrent that swept through the town, carrying everything before it. Bridges were borne away, streets and houses invaded, trees uprooted, and motor-cars and other vehicles overturned and swept along with furniture and people.

Owing to the storm most of the inhabitants were in their homes, and some of these were trapped and drowned even in the upper storeys.

The wife of a butcher who lost three of her children saved herself and her baby by holding on to a bacon hook in the ceiling of her shop. A girl who took refuge on a pillar-box was washed away with the pillar-box. A baby was washed out of its mother's arms. An invalid old lady was rescued from a sofa on which she was floating.

### Whirlwind and Cloudburst

The storm seems to have swept across England from North Wales, and after spreading death and destruction in Lincolnshire, it spent itself in Cambridge, where a house was wrecked by lightning.

The total deaths at Louth on the first day were 24; 50 houses were destroyed and a thousand people made homeless.

East Anglia has several times been the scene of flood. An excess of rain causes considerable damage in the Fen country, and even in Lincolnshire this is not the first time a cloudburst has brought destruction. Jean Ingelow has commemorated one such flood in a poem, where she tells how

The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee  
And all the world was in the sea.

In 1917 a severe flood occurred in Buckinghamshire, which at the time was said to be caused by a waterspout. Waterspouts, however, can only occur over the sea or great sheets of water, where the spray of the lashing waves is drawn up by a whirlwind to meet the heavy clouds, and circles round and round till something causes the column to burst.

### Mystery Hole at Chiswick

On land the whirlwind often twists a heavy cloud round and round until it appears to burst and the rain falls with exceptional suddenness and volume. Such a cloudburst occurred in Lincolnshire and caused the recent disaster at Louth—the town, by the way, where Tennyson went to school and where his first poems were published in 1827.

At Chiswick, on the outskirts of London, after a powerful flash of lightning, a hole was found in a garden, and some people thought a meteor had fallen, though meteors have nothing whatever to do with storms and lightning. They dug, but could find nothing. Possibly the hole was caused by a fireball, commonly known as a thunderbolt, which is really a dangerous form of lightning called globe lightning. On the other hand, it has been suggested that the hole may have been due to a subsidence of the earth over an open drain.

## Children Camp Where Caesar Came RICHBOROUGH AND ITS ANCIENT STORY

New Life in the Streets Where  
Roman History Lies Buried

FIVE HUNDRED LITTLE INVADERS FROM THE FALLEN CAPITAL

It will be pleasant news to children of this country, who have so nobly helped the children of Vienna, that nearly 500 Vienna children are now being brought to England, and are living just now in a quarantine camp at Richborough.

They are the first company of children to arrive from the starving regions of Central Europe, and we may look forward to three great results from their stay here. It will surely restore their lost health, it will release more food for those children remaining in Vienna, and it will build up, let us hope, a lasting friendship for England in these little people. They are very welcome invaders, and they land on historical soil, for here at Richborough there came invaders long ago.

### Landing of the Romans

We have all heard of Richborough during the war, for it became what was known as our Mystery Port; but it is not often realised that this port, which the Great War found deserted, was one of the gateways of England centuries ago.

At Richborough landed the Roman legions that conquered southern Britain. Here was then a great estuary dividing Kent from Thanet. Sea tides lapped against Richborough cliff, which had been for centuries the main port of invasion of Britain. Gaulish chieftains had come with fleets of boats to the safe harbourage of Richborough, and conquered the country. When the Romans arrived, they built great castles and made Richborough camp the key to southern Britain.

Dover and other channel ports were then of small importance in comparison with Richborough. Legion after legion passed for 400 years through the great camp, and left behind them so much money that thousands of Roman coins have been found.

### A Thousand Years of Ruin

When the Saxon pirates became dangerous, Richborough was a city of war like Gibraltar. The Roman fleet sheltered by the River Wantsum. Inside the huge walls of the castle the tide of life ran merrily. Men from all parts of the ancient world, with wives from all races between Scotland and Mesopotamia, trafficked with the native fishing folk.

Larger than London was Richborough in those days, and the fierce, roving Englishmen, hungry for the wealthy and fertile land of Kent, could make no landing while the castle held the Roman legion. But at last the Roman went and the Englishman came, the fishing folk drew back to their native Welsh mountains, and the forces of nature reduced Richborough apparently to nothingness.

Century after century the slow, sleepy Stour brought down more silt from the heart of Kent, the sandbanks of the Goodwins kept off the scouring tide, the bed of the River Wantsum filled up.

### The Transformation

Sandwich was built out of the stones of Richborough city, and a long succession of hermits in the mouldering Roman castle saw the famous fortress pass away. The oyster-beds were buried under mud, the watch-towers of the castle crumbled, the beautiful mansions of the great barracks decayed. At the end of a thousand years only the ploughmen, continually turning up old coins, bits of fine pottery and glasswork, and the toys of Roman children, knew what lay beneath the sand and mud. Richborough was forgotten.

Then, with extraordinary suddenness, came the Great War transformation. Somebody remembered Richborough. Engineers went down to see if the Romans had been right in preferring Richborough to Dover. They wanted the same thing as the Romans did—good harbourage, secure against the enemy and against tempest and tide. They found it all at Richborough.

Once more, quietly and almost in secret, Richborough became the gate of war between this island and the continent. The shepherds vanished with their sheep, and over miles of marshland the wonder-working engineers built one of the most marvellous cities in the history of the world. What the Romans took centuries to do our men did in a few months.

A concrete town arose. It spread over three and a half square miles of marshland, and was served by eighty miles of railway sidings, along which plied half-a-million railway trucks, supplying new factories, shipbuilding yards, locomotive repairing shops, and bringing down stores for shipment to France.

### Changing the Countryside

In place of the Roman legion that used to hold the great town came twenty thousand British troops, who laboured for victory with the discipline of a perfect human machine. Every man in the place was a soldier, and there were thousands of unskilled labourers for whom highly skilled work was waiting. So they went into training schools, and came out as motor-launch pilots, rivetters, divers, surveying assistants, shipbuilders, and engineers, with a rapidity unparalleled in ordinary life.

The face of the countryside was changed. A large stretch of land under the sea was built up eight feet above high-water level to form a repairing aerodrome. The sleepy Stour was widened 500 feet into a sea canal, and the channel was deepened until ships could be moored by the spot where the Roman admiral used to keep his fleet.

A hill stood in the way of the scheme for the eighty miles of railway sidings, and the hill vanished. The marshland was drained, and the old water ditches were either filled up or deepened. The River Stour was lifted from its bed, and sent in another direction along a mile of armoured concrete dockside. Where it used to be possible to jump across the Stour at low water was now a mighty river crowded with ships, boats, and barges, ringing with powerful machinery and steam traffic.

### Trains Over the Sea

But the wonder of the wonder port was the train ferry. This was the glory of New Richborough. Down her immense sidings trains came carrying railway guns, tanks, and other huge machines of war; and instead of days being spent while electric cranes lifted the material from the trains into ships, the whole train was shunted over the dockside on to one of the ferry boats. It took only 25 minutes to shunt two heavy goods trains on to a ferry, to chain-lock the trucks to the deck, and fuel and water the steamer. Then the boat steamed out of the Stour, and went snorting towards the battle line.

The Richborough train ferry bridged the English Channel. It was one of the greatest works of the war, and was a good war substitute for the Channel Tunnel.

And so once more, after all the centuries, Richborough came into its own again, taking a proud place in the nation's life.

## CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS SECRETS GREATHOPE OF SCHOLARS AND TRAVELLERS

Will the Lost Treasures of  
Antiquity be Found?

### MISSING MASTERPIECES

With Constantinople more or less under the control of the European nations, scholars are hoping that some of the lost literary treasures of antiquity will be found.

Many of these were undoubtedly taken to Constantinople in the early days, and we know that the eastern capital of the Roman Empire possessed one of the finest libraries of ancient times.

Constantine began the collection, and his successors continued to add to the treasures of the capital until the library had at least 100,000 volumes, many of them being manuscripts that would now be worth a king's ransom.

But many times in history the library suffered at the hands of invaders; and after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, it seems to have vanished. What was its fate? Scholars have never solved the problem.

### Treasures That Have Been Lost

Some believe that many of the priceless Greek manuscripts must have survived, and are somewhere hidden among the Sultan's archives; and these scholars hope that under the new régime the manuscripts may be discovered, and many lost works of classic authors restored to the world.

It must be remembered that though the Greek and Latin authors wrote voluminously in the golden age of literature, only a very small fraction of their work has come down to us. For instance, of the comedies of Aristophanes, every one a masterpiece, only eleven have survived out of the 54 he wrote. Of the marvellous tragedies of Euripides we have only 18 out of 84, and of those of Sophocles only seven—not a tithe of the number he produced.

### Will the Rest of Euclid be Found?

It is the same with the great Latin authors. Of Livy's history not more than a fourth exists today, and of that of Tacitus only four books out of 12 survive.

Thousands of the world's literary masterpieces have been lost for centuries, but some may yet be found at Constantinople. Perhaps the missing books of Euclid may turn up there.

The greatest library of ancient times was that of Alexandria, which is said to have possessed 700,000 volumes. Many stories have been told of its fate, and one declares that the Caliph Omar, when he took the city in the year 638, sent the books to the furnaces to heat the 4000 public baths of Alexandria. "If these books contain anything contrary to the Word of God," he is reported to have said, "they are evil; and if they do not, they are superfluous."

### Secrets Hidden at Fez

Some scholars believe that part of the treasures of the Alexandrian library were saved, and may one day be found in the archives of the Sultans of Morocco at Fez. An American traveller was once allowed to peep into the vaults there, and saw many parchment manuscripts, though he was not allowed to handle them. Here again, with Morocco coming under European influence, we may recover classic works well worth their weight in gold. Perhaps even some of the original writings of the New Testament may come to light.

Many rare literary works lost for centuries have been recovered from the monasteries of the East, and there is nothing at all improbable about these new hopes of the scholars.

Photographs on page 7



## SECRET OF THE HEATHER

### Curious Partnership in Plant Life

#### GIVE AND TAKE AMONG THE FLOWERS

From a Professor's Chair

Everyone has admired the sturdiness of the heather, and its mastery of exposed mountain-sides and poor soil. But few people know its dark secret.

The heather is not so sturdy and independent as it seems. The fact is that the heather, like a number of its relatives and some other plants besides, is a mutual benefit society of two members.

It lives in the closest possible partnership with a fungus which sends its transparent threads through and through the wiry plant, not only into root and stem, but into leaf and seed-box. The botanists say that the outer coat of the heather seed is infected with the fungus before it leaves the parent plant, and there is no doubt that the heather cannot thrive without its partner-fungus.

A fungus has a great power of absorbing, and the heather's partner-fungus absorbs water and dissolved mineral salts, and also some organic matter from the often peaty soil. It introduces this fluid food into the recesses of the heather, and there is some likelihood—not yet proved to be a certainty—that it is able to fix the free nitrogen of the air, as is done by the partner-microbes that live in the root-tubercles of beans and clovers and other green plants.

#### Paid in Sugar

But the fungus must get something in exchange from the heather, and that something seems to be sugar. Perhaps the fungus was an injurious intruder to begin with, but the heather has tamed it, so to speak, and has learned, not only to tolerate it, but to make it of great use. The heather and its fungus work hand in hand like partners of a firm.

Botanists are discovering many illustrations of this "living together," or symbiosis, as they call it. Sometimes the fungus forms a feltwork round the roots, as in the case of beech and pine; sometimes, as in the heather, it goes through and through the plant. In the strange bird's nest orchis of our woods the host-plant does not allow the fungus to spread beyond a certain territory where it is useful. When fungus-threads push farther in they are digested by peculiar cells in the orchis, which are in some ways suggestive of our white blood-corpuscles.

All these strange cases illustrate the tendency in Nature to link lives together.

## LABOUR LOST

### What Illness Costs the World

Few of us realise how much work is lost to the world through illness, and therefore how much advantage is lost, for all wise work is useful.

If by carelessness we allow ourselves to be ill, not only do we ourselves suffer, but the world suffers, because it loses the productive work by which we ought to pay for our own living.

It has been calculated that every year 14,000,000 weeks of work are lost to the world through illness. We cannot grasp the meaning of 14,000,000, but, put in another way, it means that every year, through illness, the world loses as much work as would be done through their whole lives by about 7000 industrious men.

The work of 7000 lifetimes—not hours, or days, or months, or years, but lifetimes—is lost every year through sickness, and a very large part of this helpfulness would not be lost if people learned how to be healthy.

## FIRE SWEEPS THROUGH A FOREST

### Thrilling Sight in Quebec

#### IMMENSE LOSS OF TIMBER

Great forest fires are reported from the province of Quebec, just when Canada has most need of her timber.

Forests through which railways run are almost certain to be fired sooner or later, and when once alight cannot be put out if the wind is lively.

It is only when the wind is spreading the fire rapidly through the undergrowth that there is danger in a forest fire. On a still day one may stand unafraid within a few yards of blazing trees, the flames all leaping upwards.

The upward rush of the fire, through flaring sap, is swift and impressive, but the onward surge is only felt as the wind sways the flames.

Apparently the Quebec fires have been helped by the winds, as the inhabitants of villages in forest clearings have had to be rescued by trains.

One account tells of scores of women and children brought out of the fire area by a train from Quebec, which pushed through the burning woods. Water was drawn from the tender to quench the flames which licked the coaches as they sped out of the danger zone. Timber valued at a million dollars lay in the path of the fire.

Thousands of acres of precious timber land have also been destroyed by fire in Nova Scotia. See World Map

## A NOBLE GIFT

### Rich Acres for Learning

The offer of the Government to give the University of London a magnificent site of 11 acres in Bloomsbury, so that the University buildings may be brought together in one dignified group, is worthy of the capital of the British Empire, of the glory of learning, and of the Government that makes the offer.

Until now the University of London has been scattered and lost in London. The ancient university towns are dominated by their universities. London hides her university till not one Londoner in ten thousand knows where it can be traced. All this will be altered if the Government's offer to the Senate of the University is accepted, and the scheme can be carried out.

No better site than the northward continuation of the British Museum could be named. It is central, reasonably public, and reasonably secluded. In the future it should give to Bloomsbury and London an air of learning, as the Inns of Court give to a more eastward portion of London an air of ancient law, and as, still farther eastward, the City creates an atmosphere of finance and commerce.

## A NEW LIFEBOAT

### And an Old Quibble

More and more this country is governed by officials, and it is likely to be governed by them still more in the future. Yet the official mind is inelastic. It cannot act except by rule; and all its rules, however silly they may be in exceptional circumstances, are sacred to it and must never be broken.

The latest illustration of the official failure to see when rules are silly and wrong and are doing harm, comes in the Board of Trade's treatment of a new lifeboat. This new boat is accepted in America, and, it is believed, would save many lives at sea; but the British Board of Trade will not pass it as certified.

They do not refuse because it is not excellent for its purpose, but because, having a double bottom, it cannot, according to their rules, be called a boat. So it must be neglected, however good it may be and however many lives it might save, until their rules are altered to allow it to be called a boat.

It is this clinging to rules before everything else that makes men distrust the official mind and often fail to appreciate its faithful work.

## AEROPLANE WITHOUT WIRES

### Will the Monoplane Come Back?

#### INTERESTING MACHINE WITH REMARKABLE GLIDING POWER

The biplane, an aeroplane with two sets of wings, one above the other, has long been the most favoured type of aeroplane on account of its small span and its great strength compared with the monoplane, a machine with only one set of wings.

The monoplane is likely to come into favour again, however, and M. Fokker, the Dutch inventor, has just produced a machine of this type which is entirely devoid of all outside supports and bracing wires, which have hitherto been proved so necessary to give strength to the wings.

Strength is obtained by means of longitudinal sleepers on to which the wings are built with three-ply wood instead of with fabric. Although the wood wings are necessarily much thicker than fabric, there is considerably less head resistance owing to the absence of all bracing wires, and for the same reason the machine requires less attention.

A cabin is fitted with accommodation for four passengers besides the pilot and the navigator, and, with an engine of only 185 horse-power, a speed of 100 miles an hour is claimed with a full load—a truly remarkable performance for such small horse-power.

#### Making Flying Safe

Another monoplane with distinctive novel design is now being tested in America. It is called by its inventor, Mr. O. H. Wisenand, of Colorado, a longitudinal aeroplane, having its planes set parallel with the fuselage instead of at right angles or thereabouts, as in all other machines.

It is claimed that by this arrangement head resistance is reduced to a minimum, thereby giving increased speed; while its inventor says that in case of engine failure there is plenty of time in which to choose a landing-place, for the plane has a gliding angle of 1 in 28. This means that if the engine stopped when at a height of a little more than 5000 feet, the level most used for commercial flying, the aviator could choose a landing anywhere within a radius of 28 miles.

So far tests have been carried out only with small models and with a larger machine fitted with a 9 horse-power engine. An engine of 300 horse-power is to be fitted to the larger machine, and it will be interesting to see if the inventor's claims are justified.

## WIRES TO HELP WIRELESS

### An Old Idea Again

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

From America comes the report of a new discovery called "wired wireless," by Major-General G. O. Squier. Well, all kinds of strange things come from America, and not the least strange are the newspaper reports. For "wired wireless" is by no means a new idea, although the gallant general may have given it a lift.

The principle involved is the use of the high-frequency oscillating currents, as ordinarily employed for wireless, but guided between desired points by means of a wire. The advantage of such a system is that it should permit of what is known as multiplex working—the simultaneous transmission and reception of messages between several stations.

No doubt the method, if it ever becomes practicable, will find a useful sphere, yet it looks like a case of wireless reaching back to give its Victorian relation, ordinary telegraphy, a helping hand.

What the world stands in real need of is not wired wireless but wireless wireless.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### FAMOUS SLAVE BOOK

#### King's Grief for His Lost Queen

#### MAN WHO SAILED WITH CAPTAIN COOK

June 13. First railroad in China opened . . . 1876  
14. Mrs. Beecher Stowe born Litchfield, U.S.A. 1811  
15. Thomas Campbell, poet, died at Boulogne 1844  
16. Bishop Butler, author, died at Bath. . . 1752  
17. Edward I. born at Westminster . . . 1239  
18. Battle of Waterloo . . . 1815  
19. Sir Joseph Banks died at Isleworth . . . 1820

#### Harriet Beecher Stowe

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE was an American lady who wrote a book that stirred the heart of the world, and gave slavery in America its death-blow. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was translated into 23 languages, and was on the bookshelves of all English-speaking people. It appeared in book form in 1852.

Mrs. Stowe was the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the principal of a college for ministers, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular of American preachers, and wife of Professor Stowe. Before and during her early married life she lived at Cincinnati on the river Ohio, only separated by the river from the slave-state of Kentucky, so she saw the horrors of slave-life, and often helped slaves to escape.

What she knew she told in the form of a story, with fine feeling and great power, and so kindled sympathy in millions of minds.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe wrote a number of pleasant stories later, but never found such a moving theme as slavery. She died, respected by all the world, at 84.

#### King Edward I.

KING Edward I., nicknamed Longshanks, known also as the English Justinian, and, on his grave in Westminster Abbey, as "the hammer of the Scots," was one of our great kings.

His marriage was romantic. He married a Spanish princess, Eleanor, when he was 15. When she died, 36 years later, she had been with him through his adventurous wars, and was reported to have sucked the poison from the dagger-wound given him by an assassin whom he slew in Palestine. So deeply did he grieve for her loss that at every place where her coffin rested, on its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster, he erected a cross, the last being Charing Cross.

Edward's most important work was the founding of the modern English parliament in 1295, and the settlement of our laws, as Justinian had organised the Roman laws.

Edward's wars were many. He conquered Wales, and appointed his eldest son as prince; defeated and slew Simon de Montfort and William Wallace, both good men; and claimed and partly enforced a lordship over Scotland, but without securing submission. But though much of his life was spent in quarrels in which he was in the wrong, his wise government at home made him a popular English king.

#### Sir Joseph Banks

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, a rich English gentleman, who for over 43 years was the President of the Royal Society, gave generously of his money and time in making scientific collections of objects and books, which now belong to the nation, at South Kensington and the British Museum.

Sir Joseph, when a boy at school, was struck by the beauty of flowers, and wondered why they should not be studied as well as duller subjects. He determined to press forward the study of botany, and persisted until it was introduced into Oxford as a voluntary subject.

He equipped the scientific side of Captain Cook's first expedition round the world, and sailed with the great navigator. On his return home, the curiosities he brought, through the assistance of his staff of observers and artists, placed him at the head of the scientific world as it was popularly organised.



The President of China has just decorated Lieutenant Ferrarin, who flew from Rome to Tokio, and the Chinese Aviation Department presented him with a silver incense burner inscribed "To the man who first flew across the Continent of Asia."



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 12 1920

## The Children's Palace of Horrors

WHAT have the children of this country done that their great pleasure house, the finest playing-ground in the whole United Kingdom, should be turned into a chamber of horrors?

The war was fought for them. To make their world worth living in our men went out into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

And now, while Peace comes slowly in, what is it we see? We see the War Men trying to keep alive the memory of this ghastly thing, setting up its ruins like scarecrows, painting them and labelling them and putting them in glass cases, and cramming them into the Children's Palace, that very palace built to usher in the Age of Peace among the nations. The Crystal Palace is turned into a chamber of horrors, and a thousand pounds a week is to be spent in keeping up this War Museum, lest the spirit of war should die out among us, and Junkerdom should fall.

Most sane people will agree that the Times is right when it speaks of this "megalomaniac museum," with its great staff of officials amassing a gigantic lumber of petty relics that nobody wants. Acres on acres of these petty things there are, and thousands on thousands of pounds are being wasted on salaries for the men who have brought them together and built places for them while men who won the war are waiting for houses to live in.

Somebody has pointed out that the Office of Works has over a hundred architects, and no wonder, for somebody must swallow up the thousand pounds a week that it costs to turn the Palace of Peace into a Palace of War, and somebody must find a way of displaying all the bits of stuff collected at great cost. But who would not rather see it burned or buried instead of set up here in our great Children's Palace, as if for all the world it was the thing to feed our children on?

Can we afford it? While all that is best in the world is trying hard to build up a League of Nations, can we afford to spend a fortune every year in trying to beat back into some sort of life the dead body of this foul thing that has brought the world where it is? It lies there all but dead, a dragon slain by the noblest men who ever went out from St. George's land.

What sort of a joke is this that asks a weary, much-taxed nation to put a thousand pounds a week into the slot to see this thing at work again? A joke that Punch would hardly print, for will it not sound hard and harsh in all those homes where the memory of the war is still a sad and sorrowful and sacred thing? A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Two Cottage Doors

WE do not love Napoleon, but we love that poem of Béranger in which the grandmother tells her tale of him. She had seen him pass with a caravan of kings behind; she had seen him go to Notre Dame; and then he knocked at her cottage door.

Is there not something very like it all in that story of the chief man in France today, President Deschanel? For he, too, has been knocking at a cottage door on a dark night. He, too, was received with amaze by the peasant's wife, though how happily different her story of the knocking at the door will be from the story of that other cottage door.

One winter's night, as this might be,  
I heard a knocking at the door;  
I opened it; great heavens, 'twas he!  
A couple in his wake—no more;  
Then sinking down upon a seat—  
Ay, 'twas upon this very chair—  
He gasped: "Defeat! Ah, God, defeat!"  
What, grandmother, he sat down there,  
He sat down there?

President Deschanel knocked at the door in France's hour of victory; for Napoleon it was all over:

'Tis there. But all, alas! was o'er;  
He whom the Pope himself had crowned,  
The mighty hero world-renowned,  
Died prisoner on a far-off shore.  
For long we none believed the tale,  
They said that he would reappear,  
Across the seas again would sail,  
To fill the universe with fear!  
But when we found that he was dead,  
When all the shameful truth we knew,  
The bitter, bitter tears I shed!  
Ah, grandmother, God comfort you,  
God comfort you!

Between these cottage doors—the door at which the poet imagined Napoleon to knock, and the door at which the President has actually been knocking—what a marvellous history of events there lies!

## Those who Gave Their Sight

You that still have your sight,  
Remember me!  
I risked my life, I lost my eyes,  
That you might see.  
Now in the dark I go  
That you have light,  
Yours all the joy of day,  
I have but night.

JOHN OXENHAM

## On England's Roll

ANOTHER hero has left his mark. This is what he used to say to his granny, who brought him up with his four orphan brothers:

"Never mind, granny. I'll soon be thirteen, and able to work and bring in some money."

He was George Oliver Dawber, of Ashton-in-Makerfield, a little man of thirteen who was like a father to his four younger brothers, and, as if that were not enough, jumped into the water to save a drowning boy. He gave up his life instead, and his name is on the roll of England's heroes.

As he lived for others, so he died for others, and it is written of him, as it was written of old,

Greater love hath no man.

## Coal Is Up

COAL is up again; has it ever been so dear since men began to burn it?

Yet, after all, it takes Nature several million years to make a ton of coal, and we can hardly expect the labour of millions of years for nothing. At any rate, we may hope that at present prices Nature thinks herself well paid.

## Tip-Cat

THE tailors are very disappointed with the Academy. Perhaps the artists think men matter more than clothes.

"WHEN I was at the War Office," Mr. Macpherson tells us, "I used to be somewhat grieved." So did some who were not there.

NET results:  
Tennis scores.

A ROBIN has built its nest in a letterbox. It caught the post.

THE money-lender who tried to escape from the police preferred a bolt to a lock.

"THE Zoo is for the people," a morning paper says. It is certainly the best place for some.

THE failure to get Mars on the wire should not be accepted as final. Perhaps their wireless is under Government control.

A PILLOW case: Insomnia.

THE Kaiser's beer-mug has been sold for £40. We daresay he will find another.

IN a wearying law case the judge asked Mr. Cannot if he could not shorten the case. Mr. Cannot thought he could. Seems to be badly named.

A RICH ironmonger has just retired from business. He is cutting his nails.

## The Unexpected

A VERY odd thing happened when the President of France fell out of the train.

As the news ran round that a man had been found who had fallen from the train, every compartment was searched except that of the President, so that it was not for some hours that the President was missed.

It is never quite safe in this world to think that the unexpected will not happen. It will.

## Thanks

Thank God for trees:  
Bird; blossom; breeze.  
But thank Him most  
Of all for these:  
Fun; frolic; cheers;  
Light; laughter; tears;  
And memory that  
Both Sees and Hears.

EGBERT SANDFORD in the New Witness

## The Tale of a Ruin

By a Town Girl in the Country

I CLIMBED the hillside to a great castle in which Richard II. had lived, and Mary, Queen of Scots, been imprisoned. Cromwell's cannon battered the walls badly enough, but you must look for the damage to find it.

The good woman in charge of this old castle provided me with tea, and we talked of the owner of the castle.

"Ah, that poor lady!" she exclaimed. "She has never been the same since her son was killed in the war. Directly she got back from London she came to see me. 'I knew,' she said to me, 'you would understand.'"

The eyes of the good woman filled with tears. She took me into her own room to show me the photograph of her own son who had fallen in the Great War.

"He said to me," she related, "that he would never wait to be fetched. And he said, 'The others are married; I'm the only one who wouldn't be missed.' Missed!" She fought with her tears. "Missed!" It was positively the cry of a soul in pain. Then, very gently, these words: "He was such a mother's boy!"

Cromwell's cannon left their mark on the outer walls of this old castle, and the cannon of William Hohenzollern have left a wound that can never be healed on a heart within.

As I walked down the hillside I thought of the English boy who had been born in this old castle, who had played in the rooms where Richard II. and Mary, Queen of Scots, had lived, and who had barely reached manhood when the guns blew him into fragments.

Surely the curse of God must rest on all war-makers!

## A House to Let

By Our Country Girl in Town

IT was rather late in the afternoon. The road was empty. As we walked there the cry of a cat came from the opposite houses.

There it was, a thin, black, harried cat, crouching at the bottom of an area so deep that to get out of it was impossible. The house was to let. In one of the windows was a bill inviting inquirers to call on Mr. B. at his office in a street of which we had never heard. The bill was written, not printed.

We found that Mr. B.'s office was a dismal private house where the windows looked as if they had never been cleaned. There was no brass plate on the door, only a written card in the window.

We rang the bell, and the door was opened by a little old man in shabby clothes, who pushed his spectacles on to his forehead to peer at us with his blinking and watery eyes. I think he was unused to callers; at sight of us a visible brightening came into his face.

It was tragic to see how great was his disappointment when he heard our business. He had evidently thought our object was to buy a house.

But when we apologised for the trouble we were causing, he said to us:

"Oh, pray don't mention that! I'm very fond of animals myself. I once had a dog—"

And now we could hardly get away!

He came first of all under the porch of his house; then he descended the steps with us. Then he stood at the gate with the wind blowing his thin hair about and the rain striking on his wrinkled face, telling us stories of the dog he loved—such little stories!

Late that night we walked round to the empty house. The cat was no longer crying in the area.



## 500 AMBASSADORS OF PEACE

### CHILDREN FROM THE FALLEN CAPITAL

#### How They Left Vienna for England

#### LAND OF THEIR DREAMS

By Our Correspondent Who Saw Them Off

Since the Armistice sixty thousand Austrian children have received hospitality in Sweden, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, and have received in foreign homes the food their own land could not provide. They have left Austria pale and thin, and have returned rosy and fat, with new hope in their hearts and a new language on their lips.

This hospitality extended by foreign lands to the unfortunate children of Vienna has always seemed to me a beautiful action, and I have often wished that England would show her chivalry by similar charity. And now a group of 500 hungry children is being selected to go to England, under the superintendence of a distinguished doctor sent out here by the Ministry of Health.

#### Best Land Under the Sun

To all Austrians and Hungarians England is the best land under the sun. English culture, English manners, English ways of living, have always seemed to them the best, and even in happier days a visit to England was the ambition of thousands of Viennese; and when, accordingly, in these days of famine and suffering five hundred Viennese children were invited to England, thousands of children and parents jumped at the invitation.

To see England—to see the white cliffs of Dover and the villages of Kent and Surrey, and Regent Street, and Piccadilly, and the Strand, and St. Paul's, and Westminster! To have English food and English fires! To learn to read and speak English! What a chance! No wonder all the boys and girls in the sad city longed to go.

#### Lady of Consolation

For two days I watched the doctors examine the applicants. So keen were the children and parents that one would have thought it a matter of life and death. When a child was rejected often both child and mother wept, and finally the kind-hearted doctor sent by the Health Ministry—whose father, by the way, was the author of the boys' book called "Eric," which many readers of the C.N. must know—felt he could not face such harrowing scenes, and deputed a lady to console the children and mothers.

About half the children chosen were boys and half girls, and the boys were taken only between the ages of six and eleven, and the girls between the ages of six and fifteen. Children of all classes were chosen. There were children of artisans and children of professional men and officers; but, other things being equal, an attempt was made to select bright children likely to benefit intellectually by a sojourn in England.

#### The Great Departure

Yesterday I went to the station to see the children leave. They were dressed in their Sunday best and looked happy and excited, though one or two seemed overawed by the great event, and two little boys clung crying to their mothers and could not be persuaded to leave her.

As the train moved off there was a tremendous fluttering of handkerchiefs and flags, and a lady with me said it would be worth coming a hundred miles to see. "It would be worth coming half the way round the world to see," I said, "for every child there is an ambassador of peace. They go to sow love in English hearts, and they will come back with their own hearts full of love for England. That is the way to end war."

## STORIES OF THE GREAT FLOOD

Many dramatic and remarkable things happened in the great Lincolnshire flood reported on another page.

The force of the water at a bridge was so great that stones weighing half a ton were thrown ten feet in the air.

A woman climbed up a rain-pipe to reach a roof, but fell back into the stream and was drowned.

The flood travelled through the streets at 40 miles an hour.

Three children were trapped on a ground floor, and the mother tried in vain to save them by piling up furniture.

A young lady in peril with her mother refused to be rescued alone, and both were drowned.

A woman climbed up a chimney of a house and sought refuge on the roof.

In one place a tar-sprayer weighing a ton and a half was thrown bodily through the air.

One helpless old man was being dragged to the door of his house through the rushing waters when a pig burst in between him and his rescuers, and the old man sank from sight.

A woman caught in a sitting-room, with the table wobbling like a raft, clutched the top of the window and hung on for four hours. She was eventually saved by a rescue party.

A child was born in one of the flooded houses, and the doctor attending the mother jumped through the window and saved a drowning man.

Food was carried by means of ladders to people taking refuge on a roof.

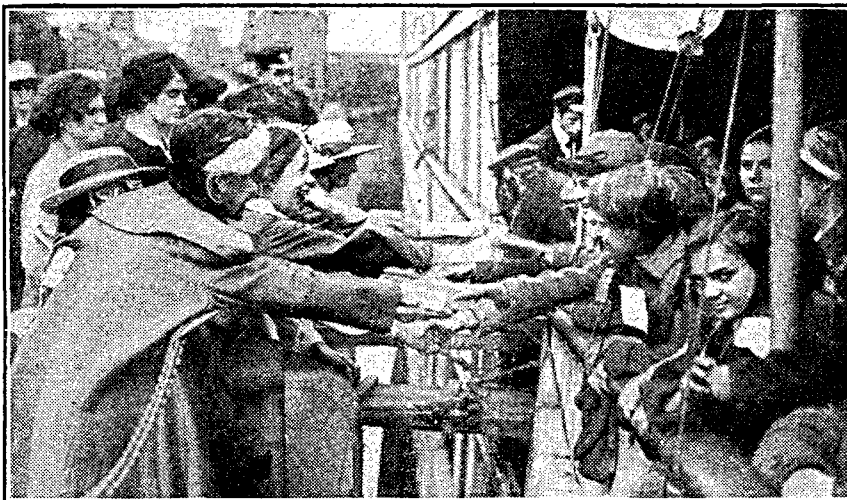
A chest of drawers was lifted out of a room and left in a wood-yard nearly a thousand feet away.

A fire-engine was half buried, and a man was surprised to find somebody else's motor-car in his garden.

## THE CHILDREN FROM THE FALLEN CITY



The Austrian children from the famine-stricken areas arrive at Folkestone. See next column



Lord French's sister, Mrs. Despard, welcomes the Austrian children who have come to England to recover their health. See page three

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Duke of Buccleugh is advertising his famous flower and fruit gardens at Dalkeith to let.

Germany has completed the delivery of 5000 engines which she was to supply to the Allies under the Peace Terms.

#### New Stars

Six more new stars have lately been discovered in that part of the sky in which Nova Aquilae blazed out in 1918.

#### Great Storm Round Paris

The most violent hailstorm in living memory has occurred in the district of Paris. Hailstones fell as large as hens' eggs, some of them killing animals.

#### A Distinguished Lobster

A lobster has lately been caught in Portland Harbour weighing 12 pounds and measuring nearly 19 inches. It is thought to be nearly 25 years old.

#### Concert Heard Through Space

A concert has just been heard through space, without any sort of wires, by the Royal Society of Canada. Listening at Ottawa, the audience was able to hear a concert at Montreal, 50 miles away.

A shorthorn bull has just been sold at Roath, near Cardiff, weighing over one ton one cwt.

An eleven-year-old caddy on the golf links near Manchester has been drowned trying to recover a ball from a pond.

#### Lucky Thirteen

Leslie M. Hunt, a schoolboy of thirteen, has just been appointed organist at Emmanuel Church, Stoughton.

#### The Postman's Bank

Some boys in Ireland have dug up a tobacco pouch containing 400 sovereigns. They were claimed by a local postman, who said he had buried them for safety.

#### Nothing Like Leather

To meet the great shortage of leather in the United States tests are being made with shark and porpoise skins, with a view to their being used for boot uppers.

#### The Flying Splinter

In the blowing-up of the Chatsworth glasshouse, as told on another page, a steel fragment smashed one of the windows of Chatsworth House and became embedded in the staircase.

## GREAT MAN'S RARE ADVENTURE

### FRENCH PRESIDENT LOST FOR HOURS

#### How He Knocked at a Cottage Door in the Night

#### A VERY QUEER STORY

Not one of us can ever guess what is going to happen to us next in this jolly, adventurous world. That is one of the reasons why it keeps so interesting.

When M. Deschanel, President of the French Republic, left Paris in the presidential train one evening to unveil a memorial in Southern France to a brave airman, he little thought that at midnight he would be stumbling along the railway, with bare feet, clad only in thin pyjamas, and wondering how he would be able to make anyone believe he was the chief ruler of a great nation.

When the platelayer's wife at the little house by a lonely railway crossing persuaded the bruised man who came to her door in his night clothes to go to bed and be quiet, she little thought that his story was true, and that she was entertaining a president unawares. She only saw in him a traveller who had had a bad shock, and whose mind was wandering because of it.

#### Strange Meeting on the Line

Yet each of these strange stories was true. M. Deschanel had left Paris tired and headachy, and had retired into his sleeping compartment at ten to get the rest he badly needed. But the night was hot and he could not sleep, so about eleven he tried to open the low window of the compartment to get a breath of reviving air. The window stuck, and he pushed, and then, it flying open, he fell out, and the presidential train hurried on without the President.

His fortunate fall on soft ground had not injured him seriously, and so, finding himself able to walk, he presently began to tramp, with shrinking feet, the railway track towards Paris, until, after about a mile of solitude, he met the flash of a platelayer's lamp.

The platelayer, kind but unbelieving, accompanied him to the cottage at the crossing, and knocked at the door. The kind and unbelieving wife coaxed him to rest—poor man, so badly shaken as to think that he was the great President of the Republic!

#### Wonderful Escape

As M. Deschanel had given strict orders that he was not to be called till seven, no one entered his compartment, and even when the news came down the line that someone had fallen from the train, and those who were in it were counted to find who it could be, no one thought of rousing the sleeping President till personal inquiries for him came over the wires from many miles away, where a bruised traveller persisted in saying he was the President of France. Then it was found, indeed, that he was missing; the President had been lost for hours and his friends had not known!

Seldom has so strange an experience come to a nation's ruler, even in the adventurous days of old, but one never knows where Romance is waiting for high or low round the corner.

All the world will congratulate M. Deschanel and France on the almost miraculous escape which turned what might have been a sorrowful tragedy into a quaint adventure.

#### A DOG'S SCOOTER

A Scottish reader claims to have a dog that enjoys a scooter like a child.

His scooter is the garden spade. My brothers and I run round the garden with the spade, while doggie puts his forefeet on the spade and runs with his back feet.

It is comical to watch his enjoyment of this sport. If we stop running he barks till we go on again, and then he is quite pleased.



## GUARDIAN OF SHIPPING

### How Travel on the Seas is Being Made Safer

#### GIVING SIGHT TO THE BLIND

Important developments in wireless direction finding—the means by which a ship can be told from the land its exact position at sea—are expected as a result of experiments carried out by Marconi, during his recent cruise in the Elettra.

Navigation in stormy and foggy weather is already being made very much safer by the use of this method.

An example of this was given quite recently when a Spanish liner, battling furiously against a storm just off a treacherous coast, was unable to find her bearings owing to the sun being obscured.

At any moment the ship may have been dashed to destruction on hidden rocks, but the captain thought of his wireless, and, getting into communication with the shore, his exact position was wirelessly to him, and he was able to steer clear of danger.

#### Lost in Mid-Atlantic

Again, there was recently a terrific hurricane raging off the North Atlantic coast, when, from a variety of causes, a great number of ships became uncertain of their bearings. They communicated with the shore, and each boat had its correct position sent from the New York wireless direction-finding station.

Besides gales, dense fogs very often prevail at the mouths of the great American rivers, navigation becoming exceptionally hazardous, and collisions of frequent occurrence. Wireless direction-finding will eliminate this danger—it is like giving back sight to a blinded man—and special stations for sending information to ships are to be erected at many points on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America; three such stations are now in course of erection at the mouth of the Mississippi for shipping going to New Orleans.

Wireless direction finding can also be used in connection with aircraft in fogs.

Several of the air expresses between London and the Continent are fitted with wireless, and by the use of direction-finding they are able to make the Channel crossing safely in fogs which only a few months ago would have made the journey extremely hazardous, if not impossible.

## MAKING THE VILLAGE INTERESTING

### A Good Thing from War-Time

During the war the Board of Agriculture was busy promoting the formation of women's institutes in the villages. Now it is relinquishing the work into the hands of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, which represents 1600 centres. It is one of the good things war-time left behind.

In its farewell reference to this movement the Board claims that the institutes have shown that life in a village can be made as attractive and interesting as the life of a busy town.

The Institute encourages every member to give of her best. The successful jam-maker discloses her secret recipe; the best bread-maker demonstrates the reason for the lightness of her loaves; the expert bee-keeper gives a practical talk on the wonders of the hive; the student reveals the treasures of local history. The Institute promotes a higher cultivation of field and garden; it gives instruction in pig, goat, and rabbit-keeping, cheese-making, fruit bottling, and in toy, hat, and basket-making, in glove-making, chair-caning, co-operative marketing, and egg-collection; and it has developed in many important ways the recreative side of village social life.

## AT SCHOOL WHERE THE WIND BLOWS

Some of us who are middling old are getting envious. We envy the lucky boys who are beginning to be educated in the open air, and taught the natural joys of life mixed with other lessons.

Take, for example, the class of 25 boys from the Rhyl Street School, St. Pancras, who spent last summer on Hampstead Heath—Windyheath boys, as they are called.

The master-in-charge, Mr. Charles S. Green, the right kind of man to make men, sends us a note of their doings—what they see on the heath, what they learn, and what they enjoy, while one boy grew as much as three-and-a-half inches, and all their chests expanded.

It was an education calculated to grow men—healthy, observant, self-dependent, loyal to each other. Look at the rules of the open-air class.

Mr. Green has chosen for the school motto those words of our gipsy poet, Borrow, spoken to console a blind brother:

Life is sweet, brother.  
There's day and night, brother—both sweet things;  
Sun, moon, and stars—all sweet things;  
There's likewise the wind on the heath.

Here are the splendid rules of life for the Windyheath boys.

A Windyheath boy is an outdoor boy.

I will go out-of-doors in all weathers.

I will leave the streets and go to the fields.

I will bathe whenever I can, and learn to swim as soon as I can.

I will wash my body daily with cold water.

I will clean my teeth.

I will sleep with open windows, and lengthen my life.

I will learn all I can from the lives of plants and animals.

I will write or draw some of the things that interest me.

I will open my eyes to the sky.

I will open my ears to the song of the wind.

I will open my heart to my friend.

I will share all good things with others.

Well might any boy or any girl, on the heath or off, in the country or in town, live up to rules like these.

You can tell a Windyheath boy by the star on his cap, says Mr. Green. It means "Look Up."

Yes, let us look up. It is a great gospel, with the re-making of the world in it.



The Windyheath Boys at the Open Air School on Hampstead Heath

## MISTER SHAKESPER

### Kinema English in Turkey

The Turks are a race of philosophers, who make the best of a bad thing when they feel it must be. Just now they know the Allies are masters of Constantinople, and to them the Allies mean, first of all, the English. So they accept things as they find them, and are quite pleasant with that genial friend of all the world, Tommy Atkins. Indeed, they are catering for his amusement with a good grace. They even try their best to use his language.

Here is an announcement, for his benefit, outside one of their kinema shows in Constantinople.

HAS YUE  
LIKE IT

FEATURE  
MISTER  
SHAKESPER

ENGLISH SPOKE

So the Turk announces the film of "As You Like It." It is very odd, but, after all, it is not much worse than some of the English we have seen on the films that are shown at home.

## AGE WILL TELL

### The Dear Old Universities

One of the infirmities of age is that its movements are slow. That is truer of institutions than of men. The oldest institutions in this country are the kingship, the church, Parliament, and the universities, and all except the kingship, which is human and wideawake today, are very slow.

The church only makes up its mind and moves on any question long after the nation knows what should be done; Parliament bristles with obstructive tricks for being slow; and the universities, which are supposed to represent the nation's intelligence, crawl painfully in the rear of public opinion.

Take the treatment of men and women as equal by the old universities, which have only just found out the truth well understood and accepted by the new universities. Having at last found it out, Oxford only knows how to admit it. Cambridge acknowledges the fact, but needs a deal more time to arrange how it can possibly treat men and women students alike. They come round to what everybody knows at last, those dear old universities, but slowly, very slowly, after much talk, while the world moves on and leaves them well behind.

## NONSENSE ABOUT THE FLY

### WHAT IT DOES IN WINTER

#### And Where Many Thousands of Them Go in Summer

### SURPRISING CENSUS OF A WASP'S NEST

The absurd question, "Where do flies go in winter?" is travelling wide, and fantastic theories are being put forward in answer to it. One grave journal now asks us to believe that the world depends for its supply of these insects upon the few which survive and hibernate, and that if in a single winter we could kill those survivors, we should enter the next year upon a flyless land.

What abject nonsense it all is! Moths, butterflies, greenflies, crane-flies, and the rest—where do they go in winter? Do a few of these linger on, exposed to a million hazards, each year's teeming broods depending upon the chance survival of a few during fatal frost and annihilating wind? Nature is not so foolish as some men who discuss her. She leaves nothing to a chance like that.

This year's moths and butterflies spent last winter in the sleep of the chrysalis stage. This year's flies were grubs of arrested growth or pupae in stable refuse heaps.

#### Life Story of the Fly

Nearly all flies die before or during winter. A few hibernate, as a few butterflies do, but for the most part they, and the flies and other short-lived insects, are like flowers. They rise and flourish for their season, and provide for the coming year swarms of eggs. Seeds rest in the winter and germinate in spring; insect eggs hatch and produce grubs, which turn into chrysalises, or pupae, and in that stage pass the winter. There is absolutely no mystery at all about the subject.

A much more interesting question is asked and answered by a writer in Nature. Where do many flies go in summer? he asks, and tells us: Down the wasps' nests as food for the grubs. Wasps kill an enormous number of flies of all kinds, he points out. He took a sort of census at one small nest, and found that its wasps brought home at least 2000 flies a day. A strong nest of wasps would destroy 20,000.

#### Wasp's Good and Bad Points

That is a plea in favour of the wasp's continued existence, but if we were as cleanly in our habits at home as we compel natives to be in malarial districts, we should not need wasps as fly-hunters.

Still, wasps are not so vicious as popular imagination deems them to be; they are not nearly so black as they are painted. Leave the wasp alone and he will leave you alone. And as to his industry and intelligence we can surely rely on the opinions expressed by such authorities as Reaumur and Lubbock, who both declared the wasp to be superior to the bee in these respects.

Of course, in fruit-growing districts the wasp does untold harm unless kept severely in check, and big fruit-growers actually keep men whose work it is to find the wasp nests and destroy them.

The wasp is also addicted to raids on the bee-hives. Even so, however, the wasp is not entirely harmful, and its entire extinction would probably result in a plague of pestilent flies.

#### CHUMS

A Glasgow reader sends us a Canadian paper which reports the friendship of a goldfish, canary, and cat.

When Mrs. Smith feeds the cat it saves a few crumbs for the bird, which hops to the top of the goldfish bowl and gives a few to the fish.



## THE WEEK IN NATURE

### Young Swallows on the Wing

#### TADPOLES GETTING FULL-GROWN

'T WAS summer, through the opening grass

The joyous flowers upspring,  
The birds in all their different tribes  
Loud in the woodlands sang:  
All care was banished, and repose  
Came to my wearied breast,  
And kingdoms seemed to wait on me,  
For I was with the blest.

#### NATURE CALENDAR NEXT WEEK

**June 13.** Young swallows are fledged  
**14.** Young broods of redstarts begin to fly  
**15.** The dagger moth appears on the wing  
Frog tadpoles are nearly full-grown  
**16.** The turtledove lays its eggs  
The six-spot Burnet moth appears  
**17.** The silver Y moth is on the wing  
The rose beetle is seen  
**18.** The eyed hawk-moth is on the wing  
Young broods of greenfinches are fledged  
**19.** The asparagus beetle gets active  
Young partridges are hatched out  
Song of golden-crested wren ceases



The moon in the middle of next week

#### Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Wednesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	4.45 a.m.	4.44 a.m.	4.44 a.m.
Sunset ..	9.15 p.m.	9.17 p.m.	9.18 p.m.
Moonrise ..	2.29 a.m.	4.50 a.m.	7.14 a.m.
Moonset ..	5.30 p.m.	9.2 p.m.	10.35 p.m.
High Tide ..	11.37 a.m.	2.23 p.m.	4.4 p.m.

High tide is for London Bridge

#### NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

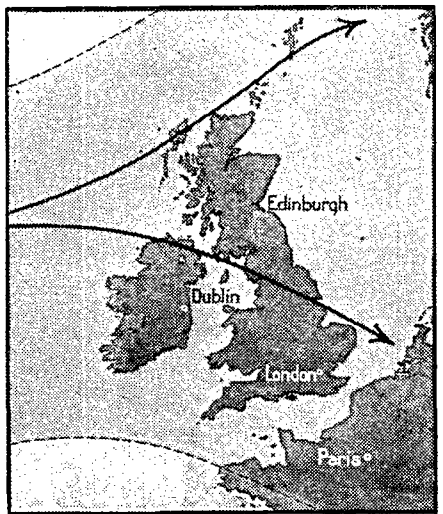
Sow endive, and transplant leeks that were sown in March. Continue sowing and planting out successions of lettuce; water frequently in dry weather, and tie up for blanching as required.

Hoe and thin early-sown crops of onions, and encourage growth by watering and stirring the soil about them occasionally.

Herbaceous borders will need much care, as a number of plants will require staking, and others cutting down as they cease flowering, to make room for others to spread.

#### C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

##### The Storms of June



This map shows the storm areas in the United Kingdom for June. The frequency of the storms is indicated by the darkness of the area, and the arrows show the direction.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

### Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

Here our Natural Historian, Mr. Ernest Bryant, will be glad to give brief answers to questions concerning natural history. All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one on each card.

#### Why Do Rats Leave Falling Houses?

They sometimes do so because they are terrified by sound and movement preceding the fall. When foundations begin to subside the nests and burrows of the rats are disturbed.

When a wall is about to collapse above, tremors and shocks would be communicated like sound to the burrows and so create a panic exodus. It is fear of existing conditions, and not mysterious fore-knowledge, that drives rats from falling houses.

#### How Many Eggs Does a White Ant Lay?

Guesswork puts the number at 60,000, but no one knows. A queen white ant—the right name is termite, for there are no white ants—can lay eggs like the ticking of a grandfather clock—one a second, 60 a minute, or at the rate of over 80,000 a day.

Egg-laying lasts for months at a time, and as the queen lives for years the final total must be enormous.

#### What Is "the Canker in the Bud"?

The canker in the bud is simply a nasty little caterpillar which, hatching from an egg, feeds upon the bud and ruins what might otherwise have been a beautiful rose.

#### Does an Elephant Drink With Its Trunk?

The trunk plays a part in the elephant's act of drinking, but not the whole part—not the swallowing. Water is drawn into the trunk, then the mouth is opened, the end of the trunk inserted in it, and the water squirted down the throat. It is curious to see a bucket of oats eaten in the same way.

#### Can a Plant Live on Insects?

The bladderwort, the butterwort, and some 500 other species of plants eat insects. All derive support from air and either water or soil, but they obtain nitrogen from the bodies of insects.

The prey is held prisoner by sticky juices, lured into snares, or snapped as by tiny rat-traps. Then the insect juices are sucked by the plant, or absorbed after a digestive fluid has been poured upon them. Such plants can live in artificial conditions without insects, but in the wilds insects are their main food, so we must say that plants can live on insects.

#### Does Ivy Destroy Masonry?

Ivy preserves good walls and shelters those which are not perfect. Only when bad cracks appear and mortar and plaster crumble can the tentacles of the ivy do damage. In these conditions the tiny roots thrusting in may hasten deterioration, but not until age or violence to the fabric has prepared the way.

#### How Far Do a Tree's Roots Spread?

They spread like the boughs and branches in the air, always travelling in search of food and water. An acacia in hot countries sends its roots down more than 20 feet, and out and about in all directions.

A mangrove tree may easily become a grove, for the stem that arises arches over, and every bough descends and gives off new roots from which new growth proceeds. A cucumber plant, growing in a cubic yard of soil, has been shown to have roots which, if joined in one continuous line, would reach 15 miles.

#### Do Birds Hibernate?

Even now we read in the papers that on warm winter afternoons swallows are seen flying in England, and that they must have been hibernating. Such "swallows" are undoubtedly bats! Birds do not and cannot hibernate—that is, pass the winter foodless and sleeping.

They migrate before the time of scarcity comes; if they cannot do this they starve, and die.

## WOMAN THE FIRST TOILER

### What She Did in the Stone Age

#### FIRST IN EVERYTHING SAVE KILLING

Woman was the first farmer, the first craftsman, the first architect, says Miss Preece, a learned lady who has been delivering lectures on primitive handicrafts. Man did the fighting and killing only, and woman everything else.

First in everything were those early women, save in killing; and, if all accepted notions of Stone Age days and ways be correct, the women had at times to share even in that ungentle exercise.

But they were not only tillers of the soil, builders of the wattle huts, weavers of baskets, mistresses of the potter's art; these ancient women were the first artists. They used dyes which were very beautiful, dyes which chemists have only latterly reproduced with great difficulty. The wood from which they got their blue was derived, in all probability, from the *Isotia tinctoria*, which still grows wild in Lincolnshire. Richer tones came from shellfish, but these the men would surely have to catch.

#### A Stone Age Mystery

Where did the Stone Age women get the lining with which they made their wicker bottles watertight? Miss Preece says the material resembled to a wonderful degree the modern asphalt which paves our roads.

The Stone Age women used a sort of pitch for their purpose. Where did they get it? We have none in England; we import it mainly from the seemingly inexhaustible pitch lakes of Trinidad. How came our British women by a pitch formed, in the bowels of a distant land, from tropical vegetation acted on by subterranean heat? We do not know.

There are still Stone Age women in the world, among savages, and among degenerate white and brown and yellow races; women who are hewers of wood and drawers of water, who till the soil and harvest the crops, who carry the burdens, make the clothes, build the homes, perform all the labour of the dwelling and fields.

Civilisation alone brings emancipation for women from the grinding misery of serfdom in her own home; and when civilisation first arose, and women were relieved of their ignoble burdens, they became ciphers, unrecognised in public and social life, as they remain in a Turkish harem today.



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Every Wednesday.

## ANOTHER SUN-BAKED WORLD

### Little Planet in the Setting Sun

#### MERCURY AND WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

It may be possible during next week to get a glimpse of Mercury, the most rapid and fleeting of the planets. On any fine, clear evening it should be looked for about half an hour after sunset, say from half-past nine till half-past ten, for it is only between these times that there is any possibility of seeing this sun-baked world.

He will be seen to shine with a steady golden light, but, as he is neither so ruddy nor bright as Mars, some patience and keen sight will be required to pick out this little world amid the radiant glow that follows sunset.

Next Wednesday and Thursday nights Mercury should be found to the left or west of the north-west point.

At about ten o'clock he will be twenty times the Moon's apparent width above the horizon, so the chances are good for seeing, as he does not set until an hour and three-quarters after the Sun.

#### Rarely-Seen World

If the twin stars Castor and Pollux can be picked out in the north-west they will help us, because they form a right-angled triangle with Mercury, which is to the south-west of them, and about half as far again away as Castor is from Pollux.

A more direct guide is got by drawing an imaginary line from the star Regulus to Jupiter, and then, curving it slightly towards the north-west, continuing it to nearly double the distance, to the place where the Sun has set. This line will pass close to Mercury.

Very few of our grown-up readers will have seen this planet. Indeed, it is said that the great astronomer Copernicus never saw it, notwithstanding all his efforts, but then, of course, he had not our advantages in knowing exactly when and where to look.

#### The Little Round Black Disc

Just now Mercury is speeding towards the Earth from round the other side of the Sun, travelling at about 25 miles a second—more than half as fast again as our world—so that next month he will begin to get between us and the Sun, when Mercury will be the nearest object to us in the heavens except the Moon. He will be nearer even than Mars by upwards of thirty million miles. But then he will be almost exactly between us and the Sun, and we shall have the dark side of Mercury presented to us, so that he will be invisible.

Occasionally Mercury comes exactly between us and the Sun, when he is seen as a little round black world silhouetted against the bright disc of the Sun. This is called a *transit* of Mercury; the last occurred in 1914, and the next will be on May 7, 1924.

#### The Storm of Fire in the Sun

The writer had the good fortune to see a transit through a powerful telescope when Mercury appeared much smaller than a sun-spot, a great cyclonic outburst and upheaval taking place on the Sun. Now, Mercury is but 3000 miles in diameter as compared with our Earth's 7900 miles; therefore, by remembering that the sun-spot was half as far again away as Mercury, it then becomes quite obvious that the great storm of fire on the Sun was sufficient to envelop, not only Mercury, but the Earth as well.

Fortunately, Mercury was 30 million miles away from it, while our fair Earth was nearly 94 million miles and quite secure, but by no means unaffected, so that these solar cyclones must considerably influence, a little world so close to them as Mercury.

G. F. M.



# THE MYSTERY MAN

A Thrilling Tale of Play and Adventure at Claycroft School : : Told by T. C. Bridges

## CHAPTER 1

### The New Broom

"I'm the new broom," said Dr. Colston, and, though his voice was stern, there was a merry twinkle in his keen grey eyes. "I'm going to sweep clean. Just bear that in mind, all you boys, and it will save a heap of trouble."

He paused and looked round the big school-room and the hundreds of eyes all fixed upon him.

"There! That's all for the present," he added. "Clear out, the lot of you, and have half an hour's breather before supper."

With a thunder of feet on bare boards the hundred and twenty boys of Claycroft School hurried out into the quadrangle. Among them was a fair-haired boy of about fourteen. He was tall for his age, had a good pair of shoulders, and a resolute look in his blue eyes. But he did not seem to know any of the others, and was looking about as if he were not quite sure where to go or what to do.

A hand fell on his shoulder, and he turned quickly, to find himself face to face with the Head.

"You're Netley, aren't you?" asked Dr. Colston.

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. You are like your father. When did you arrive?"

"About five, sir."

"Know any of the other boys?"

"Not yet, sir."

"You will soon," said the Doctor, with a smile. "I will see you in the morning, and give you a short examination to find what form you will be in. Now go ahead and make friends. You'll find plenty."

"Thank you, sir," replied Jack Netley, and followed the rest.

"Hi, you new chap, what's your name?"

The speaker was a big, thick-cheeked, heavily-built boy, at least a year older than Jack. He wore a fancy waistcoat, patent leather boots and a high collar. His cap was on the back of his head.

"Netley," Jack answered.

"What's yours?"

"What's mine, you brat? Don't you know it's cheek for a new kid to ask a three-termer his name?"

"Sorry. I didn't," Jack answered easily.

"You jolly well know now," returned the other, scowling. "What was Coaly talking to you about?"

"Coaly? You mean Dr. Colston! Oh, nothing particular."

The other reddened.

"Look here! Don't you try to be funny. What was Coaly saying to you?"

Jack was getting rather bored with this catechism.

"If you want to know, he told me he would examine me in the morning to see what form I'd be in."

"He said more than that. He said something about your father."

Jack stared.

"If you were listening, you know as much as I do," he answered scornfully, and turned away.

The big fellow seized him by the arm.

"You cheeky young—" he began furiously.

That was as far as he had got when Jack closed and back-heeled him, and down he went on the gravel with a bump that must have jarred every tooth in his head.

There was a peal of delighted laughter.

"And wasn't I waiting for it?" chuckled the owner of the laugh, a slim youth with the reddest of red hair and a pair of the merriest blue eyes. "Get up with ye, Manny, and let Netley do it again."

But the big fellow's tumble had cooled him considerably. He got up slowly, and went off muttering threats of vengeance.

"Good for you, Netley," said the red-haired boy. "'Tis the very best way ye could have begun at Claycroft. I'm thinking the first thing the New Broom will sweep up will be trash like Mark Mansford."

"He seems rather a rotter," said Jack.

"He's worse. It's a cad he is," answered the Irish boy, and now he was not smiling. "And there's more than one of the same kidney."

"But there are lots of—of others," ventured Jack.

"Heaps—praise the pigs! Your name's Netley, isn't it? Mine's Brough. Paddy they call me. Come along! I'll show ye round."

"That's very decent of you," said Jack gratefully.

"Deed, then, I owe it ye for the way ye sat on Mansford. I had trouble with him myself, last term, when I was a new kid."

"Have you only been here one term?"

"Long enough to know my way about," laughed Paddy. "Here's where you and me live."

"What a jolly old house!" said Jack, looking up at the walls of mellow red brick and tall twisted chimneys.

"Claycroft's an old school, Netley," explained Paddy. "And a real fine old place till that last head, Phillimore, let it down."

"I know," said Jack.

"How d'ye know?" enquired Paddy.

"My father told me. He—he knows Dr. Colston."

"And what's he think of him?"

"He vows he's a topper."

"Sure, he looks it," agreed Paddy. "Here's our dormitory," he continued. "At least, it's mine, and I'm thinking you'll be in the same. C's its letter. Ah, here's your bed, with your name over it. Next mine, too, bedad."

"That's luck for me," said Jack, very pleased. "Is Mansford here?"

"He is not. He's next door, in D. He'll not touch you now, Netley, for ye've put the wind up him. All the same"—Brough turned suddenly serious—"I'd keep me eye lifting. He'll be waiting his chance to take it out of ye, and he'll do it just when ye're not watching."

A noisy bell cut Paddy short.

"There's supper. Come along into Hall," he said.

And Jack followed down the broad bare staircase, through a long, flagged passage, into a fine old hall with a vaulted roof beamed with black rafters.

Scores of boys were pouring in and taking their seats on the oak benches around long tables, where bread-and-butter was heaped on great white-and-blue platters.

Paddy showed Jack where to sit, and the two shared a pot of jam and talked hard.

"Are you a dry bob or a wet bob?" asked Paddy presently.

"I'm fond of cricket, but I like boats better than anything," was Jack's answer.

"Good! I'll take ye for a row tomorrow."

Neither of them noticed that Mark Mansford, who sat a little way off on the other side of the table, was listening to them.

## CHAPTER 2

### The Genial Stranger

CLAYCROFT stands on a hill just above the River Strane and only two miles from the big estuary where it curves through the great Whitewater marshes into the North Sea. Each dormitory has its own boat, a good safe tub, and there are, of course, racing craft besides.

The first day of the summer term was a half, and the minute dinner was over Jack and Paddy made off to the landing. Jack was feeling particularly cheerful, for he had been placed in the same form as Paddy, the Lower Fourth, and he liked Paddy and Paddy's pals immensely. They had christened him "Nettles," and that was the name he was to be known by for all of his schooldays.

"'Tis a grand day. We'll pull right down, and I'll show ye the sea," said Paddy, as he hurried ahead into the boat-house.

Then he stopped short.

"Why, where's the boat?" Jack heard him cry.

A peal of jeering laughter answered him.

"Sucks for you, Redhead!" came Mansford's voice, and there he was outside, lying at full length in the stern of C dormitory boat, with his chum, a pasty-faced youth named Harney, at the oars.

"You've no right to our boat, Mansford!" cried Paddy hotly.

"I've got it anyhow," sneered Mansford. "Pull on, Harney."

The boat moved off. Paddy was raging, but Jack put a restraining hand on his arm.

"Shut up, Paddy! Don't you

"That chap got ahead of you?" he continued, with a smile which lit up his face very pleasantly.

"Yes, sir," said Jack simply.

"Can't you get another boat?"

"No, sir. We are not supposed to take boats belonging to other dormitories."

"But that fellow has, and you want to get square. Well, now, suppose I lend you a boat?"

Jack stared. Paddy spoke quickly:

"It would be mighty kind."

"Well, I will. Come along."

He marched off at a great pace upstream. Less than half a mile above the school the path cut through a belt of heavy trees, and to the right, on the slope, Jack saw a small, very ancient-looking house with a thatched roof and a quaint black-and-white front.

Paddy pulled up short.

"Is it you that have taken Gidley Grange, sir?" he exclaimed.

"Why not? Oh, you're thinking of the ghost! Bless you, I'm not afraid of ghosts!"

He went forward, and they followed. In the little dock inside the old boat-house lay a brand new and beautifully built boat. The varnish was still unscratched, and there was not a stain to be seen on the neat green cushions.

"You'd want to know your way about," said Jack. "I should think it would be jolly easy to get lost."

"You're right. There's scores of miles of these channels. And the mud! They say there's no bottom to it in most places."

"Looks a bit sticky," allowed Jack. He stiffened suddenly. "What was that?"

"A gull, I expect."

"Rats! That wasn't a gull. It was someone shouting. Listen! There it is again."

"Bedad, ye are right!" Paddy always got very Irish when he became excited. "It's meself can hear it now."

"Help! Help, I say!" The voice, thin with distance, came pealing across the flats.

"All right. Hold on! We're coming!" shouted Jack.

"He's over that way," said Jack, pointing to the south. "Here, give me the sculls. I'll pull."

"Then I'll steer," said Paddy. "It's this creek that we'll have to go up. What's happened to the fellow, I wonder?"

"Stuck in the mud, I expect," replied Jack, driving in the blades and sending the boat up the creek at a great pace.

It was one of the smaller side channels, and the tide being about half ebb, the banks were a good six feet above the water, so, even when standing up, the boys could not see over them. Like all these side creeks, it wound in and out like a snake.

"Sing out again," said Jack.

"Where are you?" shouted Paddy.

"Here!" came the distant answer. "Hurry!"

"Where the mischief is he?" growled Jack. "Seems to come from the west now."

"'Tis the way this old creek winds. Steady, Jack; 'tis getting narrower."

Jack slackened a little.

"Hurry!" came the shout again.

Jack tugged till the sculls bent. The boat went foaming along. She drove into rather wider water, then, with a slight squashing sound, ran smack on a hidden mud-bank and stuck fast.

With an impatient exclamation Jack sprang to his feet, drove the oar down, and pushed. The blade sank so deep into the mud that he very nearly went overboard on top of it. It took the combined efforts of them both to lug the oar out of the glue-like stuff.

"We've done it now," said Paddy in dismay. "How'll we ever get to him now?"

"We'll have to get out and shove," said Jack.

"Get out, is it? If ye do ye'll never get in again. Sure, this mud would swallow ten of ye."

Jack felt that Paddy was right. There was a splash of oars.

"Hurray! there's another boat," cried Paddy.

Sure enough, a moment later a second boat appeared in the larger channel just beyond. On its bow was a big C, and in it sat Mark Mansford and Harney.

Mark burst into a loud laugh.

"Ha, ha!" he roared. "I thought we'd fool them. Stuck in the mud like two pigs in a pound. Watch their faces, Harney. Don't they look savage?"

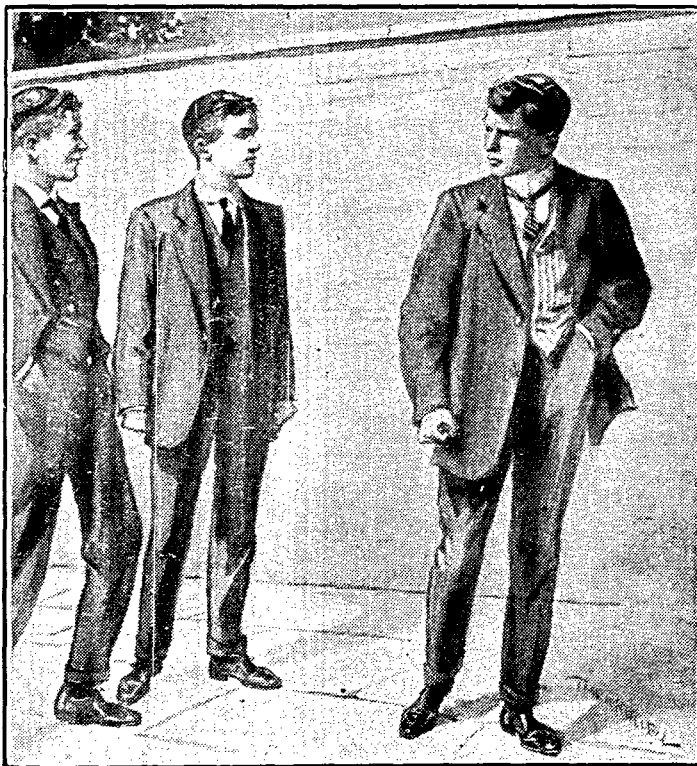
Suddenly he stopped laughing.

"This'll give you a lesson, you two brats," he said viciously. "Here you'll jolly well stay till the tide rises, and that won't be for another eight hours." He turned to his companion. "Pull on, Harney. We'll get back to tea."

Harney set to pulling. Mansford waved his hand in derision.

"By-bye," he called. "Pleasant dreams. You can think of the jolly row you'll get in when you come back in the middle of the night."

TO BE CONTINUED



He went off muttering threats of vengeance

see that's just what he's after—getting a rise out of you?"

"It's rotten!" growled Paddy. "He doesn't really want the boat. He's only done it to score off us."

"Of course he has! Let him go. We'll have a walk."

He dragged Paddy away, and they started down the bank. Mansford kept on jeering at them, but Jack paid no attention at all, and would not let Paddy do so either.

"Rather a sell, eh?"

The big, deep voice came from behind them, and both turned quickly, to find themselves face to face with a curious-looking person.

A great, gaunt man he was, dressed in an ancient suit of tweeds, and wearing big hobnailed boots, thick worsted stockings, and a battered old felt hat. But it was his face which fascinated the boys. It was brown as an Indian's. Indeed, his skin was almost the colour of old mahogany, but his eyes were as blue as Jack's.

Right across his forehead, from one side to the other, ran a long, white scar. His hair was snow-white, and there were deep wrinkles under his eyes, yet for all that he did not look old.

But in spite of his quaint appearance and old clothes, both the boys knew instinctively that he was very much a gentleman.

"There you are. Go ahead!" said the stranger, in his curt way. "If anyone asks, say Captain Gunn lent you the boat. When you've done with her, put her back where you found her. Have a good time."

He nodded, and was gone before the boys could even thank him.

## CHAPTER 3

### Among the Mud-banks

PADDY stopped pulling, and let the boat drift.

"And what do ye think of it, Jack?" he asked.

Jack looked round at the endless maze of mud-banks which were known as the Whitewater Flats.

The higher parts were covered with thick green samphire and other salt-water growth. Here and there were patches of dull-green reeds. But all the lower part of the banks, now baring as the ebb tide flowed off them, were smooth grey silt which sloped steeply to lanes of muddy water, twisting in and out in miles of narrow channels.

Sandpipers and other small sea birds flitted from bank to bank, and their low, twittering cries were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the quiet afternoon.

"It's the sort of place that would grow on you," said Jack slowly.

"You've got it, Jack," answered Paddy quickly. "It does grow on you. It simply fascinates me."



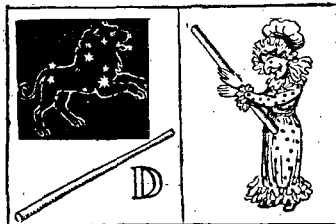


# With Shout and Chorus Birds are Making Joy

## Dr. MERRYMAN

"No! I must say I am not in favour of arresting profiteers."  
 "But I thought you were in favour of punishing them?"  
 "Yes; it may be all right to punish them, but as a consumer I'm afraid they will raise their prices again to pay their fines."

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?  
 Answers next week

### The Queen of Roses

WHICH of the roses that adorn  
 Our gardens is without a thorn?  
 And which can rule them best?  
 The rose upon the watering-pot,  
 Alone exempt from thorny lot,  
 Queen-like rains o'er the rest.

### Riddle in Rhyme

NEVER wearied, see, we stand,  
 A glittering and a stately band,  
 Of sturdy stuff but graceful form;  
 In summer cold, in winter warm;  
 From hottest duty never swerving,  
 Night and day our place preserving;  
 Each serving to a different use,  
 Not to be changed without abuse.  
 And, pray, mark well another fact,  
 In unison we never act,  
 Except as on occasion dread,  
 We watch the ashes of the dead,  
 When we are ranged, as you may see,  
 As awful sentries, one, two, three.

Solution next week



Harum Scarum

TEACHER: "Can any of you tell me what a synonym is?"  
 Bright Boy: "Please, teacher, it's the word you use when you can't spell the other one."

## Ici on Parle Français BY THEIR FRUITS

This is from the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthew, chapter seven.

16. Vous les reconnaîtrez à leurs fruits. Cueille-t-on des raisins sur des épines, ou des figues sur des chardons?

17. Tout bon arbre porte de bons fruits, mais le mauvais arbre porte de mauvais fruits.

18. Un bon arbre ne peut porter de mauvais fruits, ni un mauvais arbre porter de bons fruits.

19. Tout arbre qui ne porte pas de bons fruits est coupé et jeté au feu.

20. C'est donc à leurs fruits que vous les reconnaîtrez.

Masculine and Feminine  
 IN England, rivers all are males—  
 For instance, Father Thames.  
 Whoever in Columbia sails  
 Finds them Ma'amselles or Dames;  
 For there the softer sex presides  
 Aquatic, I assure ye;  
 And Mrs. Sippi rolls her tides  
 Responsive to Missouri.

AN angry young butcher named  
 Belvoir,  
 Went and chased a small boy with  
 a cleaver,  
 Because the boy couldn't,  
 Or possibly wouldn't,  
 Pronounce his name properly,  
 Beaver.

### Is Your Name Morvell?

THIS is probably another spelling  
 of Morill, which Dr. Weekley,  
 the great authority on surnames,  
 thinks is from moor field.  
 Probably an ancestor lived at  
 such a place and came to be known  
 as John or Henry of the moor field,  
 the description later becoming a  
 surname with a changed spelling.

### A Little French Made Easy



La bêche Le lion La tente  
 Avec la bêche on creuse la terre  
 Le lion est le roi des animaux  
 Comme on dort bien sous la tente



Le cerf-volant La fleur La bague  
 Je vais jouer avec mon cerf-volant  
 Allons au jardin cueillir des fleurs  
 J'ai reçu une bague pour ma fête

### Will You Go With Hugo?

WILL you go with Will Hugo?  
 Will Hugo will go if you will go  
 with Will Hugo. When you go with  
 Hugo, Hugo will go when you go.

### Do You Live in Durham?

DURHAM, which was formerly spelt  
 Dunelm, is derived from the  
 Keltic dun ealm, meaning hill of the  
 elms, and is a reference to the site  
 on which the beginnings of the city  
 were originally built.

### A Spell of Spelling

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane  
 To pare a pair of pears;  
 A rake may often take a rake  
 To tear away the tares.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Puzzle Rhyme

Feasting, fasting, sting, tin, in.

#### What Is This?

Arch aeo log y. Archaeology.

## Notes and Queries

**What are the Factory Acts?**  
 The Factory Acts are the whole  
 body of laws regulating hours and  
 conditions of labour in factories.

**What is a Finance Bill?** A  
 Finance Bill is the formal Bill  
 presented to Parliament embody-  
 ing the financial proposals made  
 by the Chancellor of the Ex-  
 chequer in his Budget speech.

**What is an Armistice?** An  
 armistice is a stopping of hostili-  
 ties by arrangement, and the  
 word comes from two Latin  
 words, meaning arms and stand.

**Who was Chippendale?** Chip-  
 pendale was a famous London  
 furniture-maker in the middle of  
 the 18th century, and furniture  
 made by him, or in his style, is  
 called Chippendale furniture.

## The Adventures of Jerry

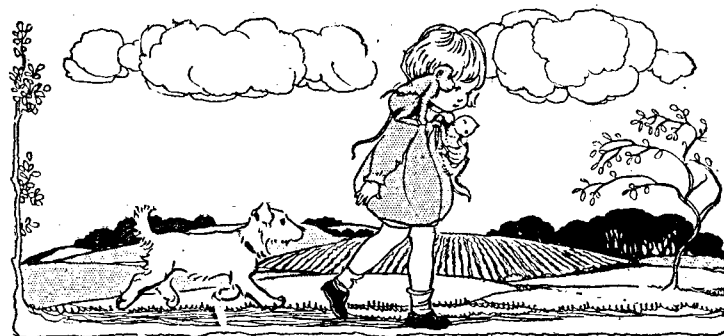
TOLD BY MARGARET LILLIE

### CHAPTER 6

Jerry lights a fire for a poor old woman, and she is so grateful that she gives him a kitten. Jerry is afraid his two pets may fight

JERRY need not have been afraid, for Pat made no attempt to fight. But the mother cat wasn't too sure of him. She got up and stood with arched back and bristling whiskers in the middle of the mat, and looked so fierce that the old woman said,  
 "Take him away, boy. She doesn't like dogs."

So Jerry bade her good-bye, and, with the kitten hugged tightly in his arms, and Pat at his heels, he set out again.



The monkey refused to be shaken off

Not far away was a village green, and as they came up to it Jerry saw a crowd of boys teasing a monkey. The poor thing was trying desperately hard to wriggle out of a noose of string they had flung over its head. The other end was fastened to a wooden fence.

Jerry longed to set the little creature free, but he was afraid of the big rough boys.

As he stood watching, a man in a motor-car drove up, and stopped to ask the boys the way. While their backs were turned, Jerry ran forward, untied the string, and ran with it as fast as he could down the road.

He stopped as soon as he dared, unfastened the cruel knot, and set the poor monkey free. Then suddenly he remembered the kitten, but before he had time to wonder what had become of her she was scampering along the road towards him, a little fluffy ball as white as snow.

"I shall call her Snowball," he cried. "Come along, Snowball. I'm ever so hungry. I'd like some roly-poly pudding and some ginger beer. Good-bye, Mr. Monkey. Keep away from those cruel boys." And he gave it a pat and pushed it away.

But the monkey did not budge, and when Jerry walked on it scrambled up to his shoulder, and refused to be shaken off.

More of Jerry next week

## Father Jacko Takes a Lodger

THINGS were so bad with the Jacko family that it was clear something would have to be done.

"There's that spare room," said Father; "we don't want it. We must find a lodger to help to pay the rent."

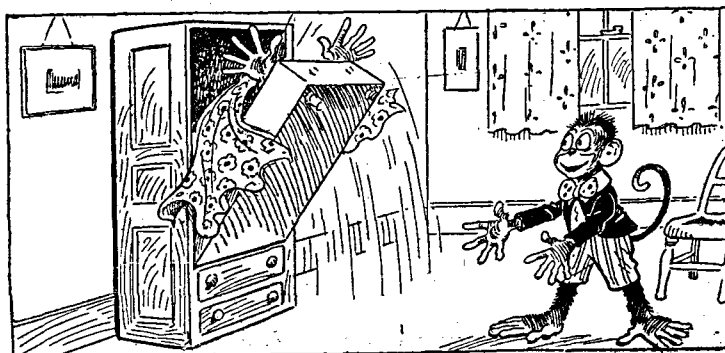
Jacko whistled, and Brother Adolphus remarked,  
 "Then you'll have to behave, my lad!"

"We shall have to buy a bed," said Mother Jacko.

"Better get one of those collapsible things that shut up in the daytime," said Father. "It'll make the room look twice as big."

And so it did. The lodger was delighted with it. He was sitting on it the night he came, saying so, and asking Jacko how it worked.

Jacko grinned wickedly, bent down, touched a spring—and the next moment the lodger, with a great shout, disappeared.



With a great shout the lodger disappeared

Who Was He?

## The Conqueror

THERE have been many men who have sought to conquer the world, and have shown great skill and determination in mastering others, while all the time they have been unable to master themselves.

One such man, who lived in the days before Jesus was born, was the son of a powerful king, who determined that his son should have every advantage in the way of education and training.

The boy was placed under the care of the greatest philosopher of his age, and his mind rapidly developed, while at the same time his physical education was equally cared for.

In military leadership and strategy he was one of the world's outstanding geniuses, and again and again defeated armies vastly greater than his own. He invented new ways of fighting, and overthrew what was then the greatest empire in the world.

Unfortunately, the boy had been flattered from his childhood by fulsome courtiers, and this adulation, together with his repeated success in all he undertook, spoilt his character. He indulged in vices which eventually shortened his life.

That he was capable of noble deeds and high thoughts many incidents in his life prove. He read the best literature, and when at the early age of twenty he came to the throne, he was not only wise enough to secure the goodwill of his subjects by many beneficent measures, but generous enough to reduce their taxes.

He was the greatest conqueror that had ever been known up to his day, though there have been greater since, and he led a famous expedition into distant countries, winning victories, planting colonies, and opening up centres of commerce.

His life was a strange mixture of generosity and cruelty, of wisdom and foolishness, of high enterprise and base indulgence. While on the one hand he spared his principal enemy, and treated his family kindly, he burnt his capital, the glory of the world at that time, at the instigation of a bad woman.

The story of his career is a sad one. He was undoubtedly a man of commanding genius, and did a great deal for civilisation by opening up the world to European culture, but his failure to conquer his own evil appetites and desires led to his early death at the age of 32. He did great things, but he left so much undone that he might have done. Every boy and girl knows his name. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last week's name—Queen Margaret of Anjou



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

June 12, 1920

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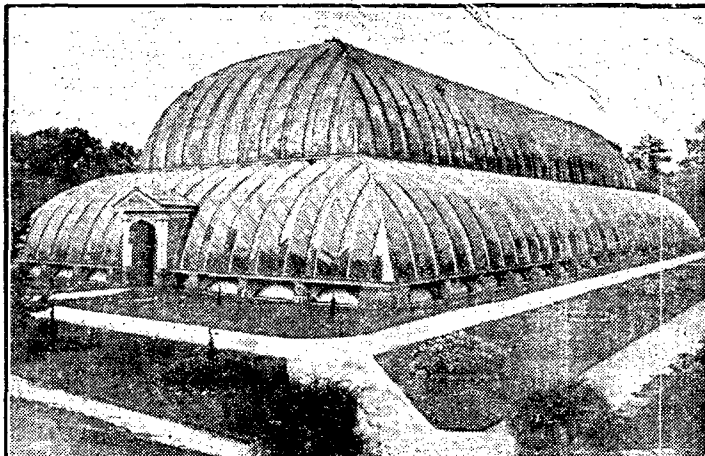
## ENGLAND'S SMALLEST SCHOOL · FLYING HERO · GLASS PALACE BLOWN UP



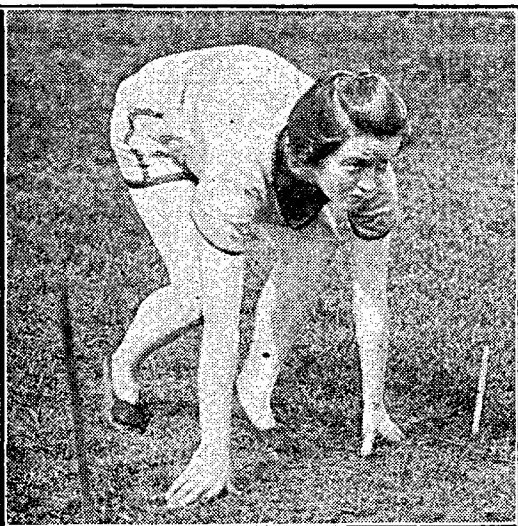
**Smallest School in England**—This school in the Isle of Elmley, Kent, has only six scholars, here seen with their teacher. The school was built for 80, but a local factory closed, and the families moved away



**His Life for a Village**: Lieutenant Dunn, who died rather than damage an Indian village. See page 1



**Glass Palace that was Blown up**—This splendid greenhouse, built for the Dukes of Devonshire by Joseph Paxton, has been blown up as the cheapest way of dismantling it. It was too costly to maintain. See page 2



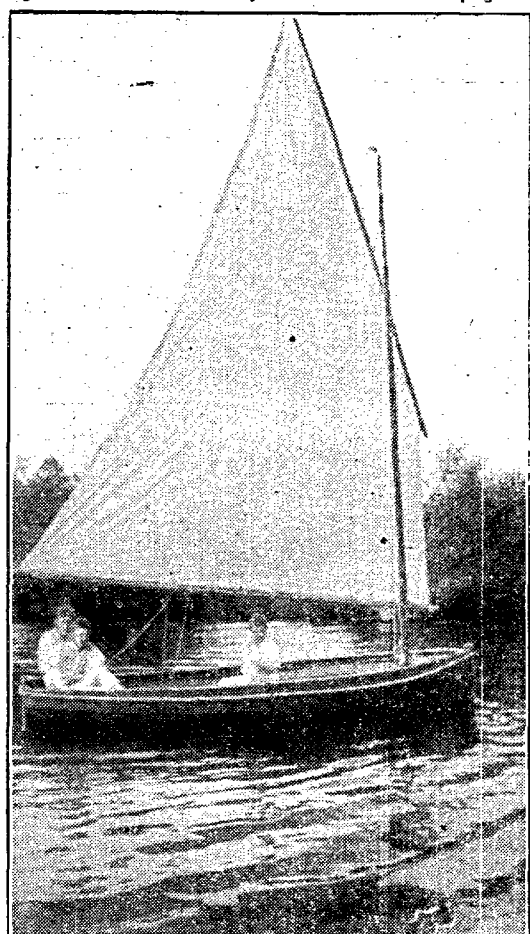
**Champion Lady Runner**—Miss Elaine Burton, aged 15, of Harrogate, the world's champion lady runner



**Imps in the Park**—These two jolly little children were snapped while they were having a rest on the railings after a strenuous game. There was no need to tell them to look pleasant



**A Full Load at the London Zoo**—Camels are said to be very ill-tempered animals, but this old favourite at the London Zoo is always very docile and pleasant



**A Boy's Yacht on the Broads**—Three boy readers of the C.N. enjoying a sail over the smooth water in the glorious June sunshine. They are all skilful navigators



**Off to England!**—The 500 Austrian children who have come to England for a long holiday are here seen leaving Vienna amid the cheers of their friends. See pages 3 and 7



**How to Keep Cool on a Warm Day**—These happy children find paddling in a London park almost as good fun as a visit to the seashore. They look forward eagerly to their half holidays